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Catharine *and* Petruchio,
A
C O M E D Y,
IN THREE ACTS,

AS PERFORMED AT
DRURY-LANE THEATRE-ROYAL :

TAKEN FROM
SHAKESPEAR'S *Taming of the Shrew.*

WITH
ALTERATIONS AND ADDITIONS

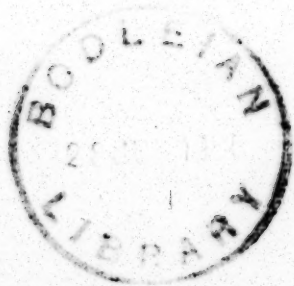
By DAVID GARRICK, Esq;



D U B L I N :

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P R O L O G U E

TO THE

W I N T E R ' s T A L E ,

A N D

C A T H A R I N E A N D P E T R U C H I O ,

[Both from SHAKESPEAR.]

Written and Spoken by Mr. GARRICK.

TO various Things the Stage has been compar'd,
As apt Ideas strike each humorous Bard :
This Night, for Want of better Simile,
Let this our *Theatre a Tavern* be :
The Poets Vintners, and the Waiters we.
So as the Cant and Custom of the Trade is,
You're welcome *Gem'min*, kindly welcome Ladies.
To draw in Customers, our *Bills* are spread,
You cannot miss the Sign, 'tis *Shakespeare's Head*.
From this same Head, this Fountainhead divine,
For diff'rent Palates springs a diff'rent Wine !
In which no Tricks to strengthen or to thin 'em—
Neat as imported — no *French Brandy* in 'em—
Hence for the choicest Spirits flow *Champaign* ;
Whose sparkling Atoms shoot thro' ev'ry Vein,
Then mount in magic Vapours to th' enraptur'd Brain !
Hence flow, for martial Minds, Potations strong,
And sweet Love-potions for the Fair and Young.
For you, my Hearts of Oak, for your Regale, [To the Up-
There's good old *English Stingo*, mild and stale. [per Gallery.
For high, luxurious Souls, with luscious Smack,
There's Sir *John Falstaff*, is a But of Sack :
And if the stronger Liquors more invite ye ;
Bardolph is Gin, and *Pistol* Aqua Vitz.
But shou'd you call for *Falstaff*, where to find him,
He's gone — nor left one Cup of Sack behind him.

P R O L O G U E.

Sunk in his Elbow-chair, no more he'll roam ;
 No more, with merry Wags, to *Eastcheap* come ;
 He's gone, to jest and laugh, and give his Sack at home. }

As for the learned Critics, grave and deep,
 Who catch at Words, and catching fall asleep ;
 Who in the Storms of Passion — hum — and haw !
 For such, our Master will no Liquor draw —
 So blindly thoughtful, and so darkly read,
 They take *Tom Durffy's* for the *Shakespear's* Head.

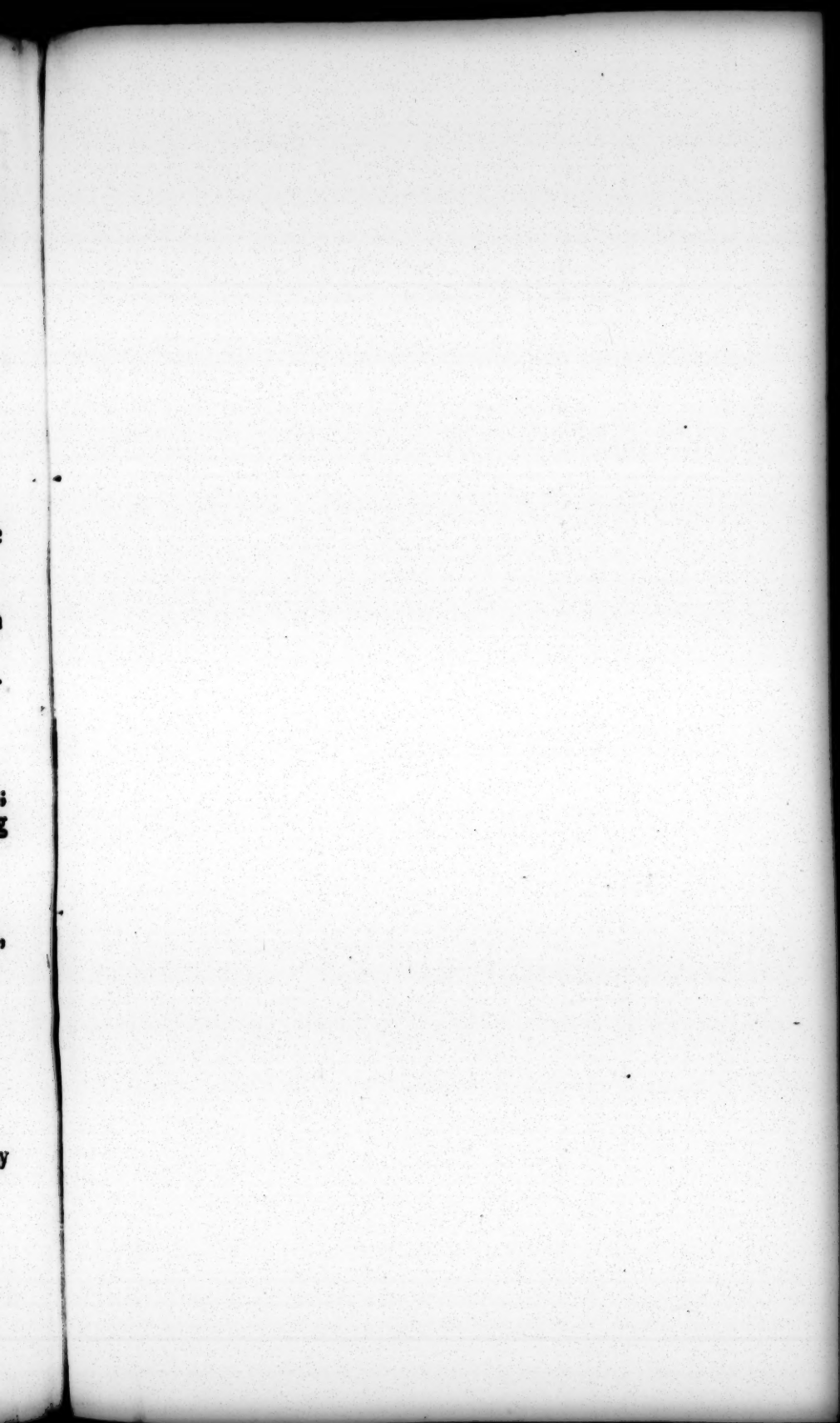
A Vintner once acquir'd both Praise and Gain,
 And sold much *Perry* for the best *Champaign*.
 Some Rakes. this precious Stuff did so allure,
 They drank whole Nights — what's that — when Wine
 is pure ?

“ Come, fill a Bumper, *Jack* — I will, my Lord —
 “ Here's Cream ! — Damn'd fine ! — immense ! upon
 my Word ! ”

Sir *William*, what say you ? — The best, believe me —
 In this — Eh, *Jack* ! — the Devil can't deceive me.
 Thus the wise Critic too mistakes his Wine,
 Cries out, with lifted Hands, 'tis great ! — divine !
 Then jogs his Neighbour, as the Wonders strike him ;
 This *Shakespear* ! *Shakespear* ! — oh, there's nothing
 like him !

In this Night's various and enchanted Cup
 Some little *Perry's* mixt for filling up.
 The Five long Acts, from which our Three are taken,
 Stretch'd out to * sixteen Years, lay by, forsaken.
 Left then this precious Liquor run to waste,
 'Tis now confin'd and bottled for your Taste.
 'Tis my chief wish, my Joy, my only Plan,
 To lose no *Drop* of that immortal Man !

* The Action of The *WINTER'S TALE*, as written by
 SHAKESPEAR, comprehends sixteen Years.



Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

**Petruchio,
Baptista,
Hortensio,
Grumio,
Music-master,
Biondello,
Pedro,
Taylor,
Nathaniel,
Peter,
Nicholas,
Philip,
Joseph,**

**Mr. WOODWARD.
Mr. BURTON.
Mr. MOZEEN.
Mr. YATES.
Mr. JEEFERSON.
Mr. BLAKES.
Mr. CLOUGH.
Mr. H. VAUGHAN.
Mr. W. VAUGHAN.
Mr. ACKMAN.
Mr. ATKINS.
Mr. MARR.
Mr. LEWIS.**

W O M E N.

**Catharine,
Bianca,
Curtis,**

**Mrs. CLIVE.
Mrs. BENNET.
Mrs. BRADSHAW.**

S C E N E, P A D U A.

Catharine and Petruchio.

A C T I.

SCENE, BAPTISTA'S House.

Enter Baptista, Petruchio and Grumio.

Bap. **T**HUS have I, 'gainst my own Self-interest,
Repeated all the worst you are t' expect
From my shrewd Daughter, *Cath'rine* ; if
you'll venture.

Mangre my plain and honest Declaration,
You have my free Consent, win her and wed her.

Pet. Signior Baptista, thus it stands with me.

Antonio, my Father, is deceased :

You knew him well, and knowing him, know me,

Left solely Heir to all his Lands and Goods,

Which I have better'd, rather than decreas'd.

And I have thrust myself into the World,

Haply to wive and thrive as best I may :

My Business asketh Haste, old Signior,

And ev'ry Day I cannot come to wooe.

Let Specialties be therefore drawn between us,

That Cov'nants may be kept on either Hand.

Bap. Yes, when the special Thing is well obtain'd,

My Daughter's Love, for that is all in all.

Pet. Why, that is nothing ; for I tell you, Father,

I am as peremptory as she proud-minded ;

And where two raging Fires meet together,

They

They do consume the Thing that feeds their Fury.
 Tho' little Fire grows great with little Wind,
 Yet extreme Gusts will blow out Fire and all ;
 So I to her, and so she yields to me ;
 For I am rough, and wooe not like a Babe.

Gru. Nay, look you, Sir, he tells you flatly what his Mind is : Why give him Gold enough and marry him to a Puppet, or an old Trot with ne'er a Tooth in her Head. Tho' she have as many Diseases as two and fifty Horses ; why nothing comes amiss, so Money comes withal.

Bap. As I have shew'd you, Sir, the coarser Side, Now let me tell you she is young and beauteous, Brought up as best becomes a Gentlewoman ; Her only Fault (and that is Fault enough) Is that she is intolerably froward ; If that you can away with, she is yours.

Gru. I pray you, Sir, let him see her while the Humour lasts. O my Word an' she knew him as well as I do, she would think scolding would do little Good upon him. She may, perhaps, call him Half a Score Knaves, or so ; why, that's nothing ; an' he begin once, she'll find her Match. I'll tell you what, Sir, an' she stand him but a little, he will throw a Figure in her Face, and so disfigure her with it, that she shall have no more Eyes to see withal than a Cat — You know him not, Sir.

Bap. And will you wooe her, Sir ?

Pet. Why came I hither but to that Intent ?
 Think you a little Din can daunt my Ears ?
 Have I not, in my Time, heard Lions roar ?
 Have I not heard the Sea puff'd up with Winds ?
 Have I not heard great Ord'nance in the Field ?
 And Heav'n's Artillery thunder in the Skies ?
 Have I not in a pitched Battle heard
 Loud 'Larums, neighing Steeds, and Trumpets clang ?
 And do you tell me of a Woman's Tongue ;
 That gives not Half so great a Blow to hear,
 As will a Chesnut in a Farmer's Fire ;
 Tush ! tush ! scare Boys with Bugs.

Bap.

Bap. Then thou'rt the Man,
The Man for *Cath'rine*, and her Father too;
That shall she know, and know my Mind at once.
I'll portion her above her gentler Sister,
New-married to *Hortensio*:

And if with scurril Taunt, and squeamish Pride,
She make a Mouth, and will not taste her Fortune,
I'll turn her forth to seek it in the World;
Nor henceforth shall she know her Father's Doors.

Pet. Say'st thou me so? Then as your Daughter,
Signior,
Is rich enough to be *Petruchio's* Wife;
Be she as curst as *Socrates' Xantippe*,
She moves me not a Whit — Were she as rough
As are the swelling *Adriatic* Seas,
I come to wive it wealthily in *Padua*;
If wealthily, then happily in *Padua*.

Bap. Well may'st thou wooe, and happy be thy
Speed;
But be thou arm'd for some unhappy Words.

Pet. Aye, to the Proof, as Mountains are for Wind's,
That shake not, though they blow perpetually.

[*Catharine and the Musicmaster make a Noise within.*]

Musicmaster, within.

Help! Help!

Catharine, within.

Out of the House, you scraping Fool.

Pet. What Noise is that?

Bap. Oh, nothing; this is nothing —
My Daughter, *Catharine*, and her Musicmaster;
This is the third I've had within this Month:
She is an Enemy to Harmony.

Enter Musicmaster.

How now, Friend, why dost look so pale?

Musicmast. For Fear, I promise you, if I do look
pale.

Bap.

Bap. What, will my Daughter prove a good Musician?

Musicmaſt. I think ſhe'll ſooner prove a Soldier ; Iron may hold with her, but never Lutes.

Bap. Why, then, thou canſt not break her to the Lute?

Musicmaſt. Why, no ; for ſhe hath broke the Lute to me.

I did but tell her ſhe miſtook her Frets,
And bow'd her Hand, to teach her fingering,
When with a moſt impatient, devilish Spirit,
Frets call you them? quoth ſhe, I'll fret your Fool's Cap ;

And with that Word, ſhe ſtruck me on the Head,
And through the Inſtrument my Pate made way,
And there I ſtood amazed for awhile,
As on a Pillory, looking thro' the Lute ;
While ſhe did call me Rascal-fidler,
And twangling Jack, with twenty ſuch vile Terms,
As ſhe had ſtudied to miſuſe me ſo.

Pet. Now by the World, it is a luſty Wench,
I love her ten Times more than e'er I did ;
Oh how I long to have a Grapple with her !

Musicmaſt. I wou'd not make another Trial with her
To purchaſe *Padua* ; for what is paſt,
I'm paid ſufficiently : If at your Leiſure
You think my broken Fortunes, Head and Lute,
Deſerve ſome Reparation, you know where
T'enquire for me ; and ſo, good Gentlemen,
I am your much diſorder'd humble Servant. [*Exit.*

Bap. Not yet mov'd, *Petruchio* ! do you flinch ?

Pet. I am more and more impatient, Sir ; and long
To be a Partner in theſe fav'rite Pleaſures.

Bap. O, by all Means, Sir — Will you go with me,
Or ſhall I ſend my Daughter *Kate* to you ?

Pet. I pray you do, I will attend her here.

[*Exit Bap.*

Grumio,

Grumio, retire, and wait my Call within.

[*Exit Grum.*]

Since that her Father is so resolute,
I'll wooe her with some Spirit when she comes;
Say that she rail, why then, I'll tell her plain
She sings as sweetly as a Nightingale:
Say that she frown, I'll say she looks as clear
As Morning-roses, newly wash'd with Dew;
Say she be mute, and will not speak a Word,
Then I'll commend her Volubility,
And say she uttereth piercing Eloquence:
If she do bid me pack, I'll give her Thanks,
As tho' she bid me stay by her a Week;
If she deny to wed, I'll crave the Day
When I shall ask the Bans, and when be married:
But here she comes, and now, *Petruchio*, speak.

Enter Catharine.

Cath. How I turn'd adrift, nor know my Father's
House!

Reduc'd to this, or none, the Maid's last Prayer;
Sent to be woo'd like Bear unto the Stake?
Trim wooing like to be! — and he the Bear,
For I shall beat him — yet the Man's a Man.

Pet. Kate in a Calm! — Maids must not be Wooers.
Good Morrow, *Kate*, for that's your Name, I hear.

Cath. Well have you heard, but impudently said;
They call me *Catharine*, that do talk of me.

Pet. You lie in Faith, for you are call'd plain *Kate*,
And bonny *Kate*, and sometimes *Kate* the curst;
But *Kate* — The prettiest *Kate* in *Christendom*,
Take this of me, *Kate* of my Consolation!
Hearing thy Mildness prais'd in ev'ry Town,
Thy Virtues spoke of, and thy Beauty founded,
Thy Affability and bashful Modesty,
(Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs)
Myself am mov'd to wooe thee for my Wife.

Cath. Mov'd! in good Time; let him that mov'd
you thither,

Remove

Remove you hence ! I knew you at the first,
You were a Moveable.

Pet. A Moveable ! Why, what's that ?

Cath. A Joint-stool.

Pet. Thou hast hit it ; come, sit on me.

Crth. Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

Pet. Women are made to bear, and so are you.

Alas ! good *Kate*, I will not burthen thee,
For knowing thee to be but young and light——

Cath. Too light for such a Swain as you to catch.

[*Going.*

Pet. Come, come, you Wasp ; i' faith you are too
angry.

Cath. If I be waspish, 'best beware my Sting.

Pet. My Remedy then is to pluck it out.

Cath. Ay, if the Fool cou'd find it where it lies.

Pet. The Fool knows where the Honey is, sweet

Kate.

[*Offers to kiss her.*

Cath. 'Tis not for Drones to taste.

Pet. That will I try.

[*She strikes him.*

I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike again.—

Nay, come, *Kate*, come ; you must not look so sour.

Cath. How can I help it, when I see that Face ;

But I'll be shock'd no longer with the Sight. [*Going.*

Pet. Nay, hear you, *Kate* ; in sooth you 'scape not so.

Cath. I chafe you, if I tarry ; let me go.

Pet. No, not a Whit ; I find you passing gentle :

'Twas told me you were rough, and coy, and sullen,
And now I find Report a very Liar,

For thou art pleasant, gamefome, passing courteous,
But slow in Speech, yet sweet as spring-time Flow'rs ;

Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look ascance,

Nor bite the Lip as angry Wenches will,

Nor hast thou Pleasure to be cross in Talk :

But thou with Mildness entertain'st thy Wooers,

With gentle Conf'rence, soft and affable.

Cath. This is beyond all Patience ; don't provoke me.

Pet. Why doth the World report that *Kate* doth
limp ?

Oh sland'rous World ! *Kate*, like the Hazle-twig,

Is fraight and slender, and as brown in Hue
As Hazle-nuts, and sweeter than the Kernels.
O! let me see thee walk, thou dost not halt.

Cath. Go, Fool, and whom thou keep'st command.

Pet. Did ever *Dian'* so become a Grove
As *Kate* this Chamber with her princely Gait?
Oh, be thou *Dian'*, and let her be *Kate*,
And then let *Kate* be chaste, and *Dian'* sportful.

Cath. Where did you study all this goodly Speech?

Pet. It is *extempore*, from my Mother-wit.

Cath. A witty Mother, witless else her Son.

Pet. Am I not wise?

Cath. Yes, in your own Conceit;
Keep yourself warm with that, or else you'll freeze.

Pet. Or rather warm me in thy Arms, my *Kate*!
And therefore setting all this Chat aside,
Thus in plain Terms; our Father hath consented
That you shall be my Wife; your Dow'ry 'greed on,
And will you, nill you, I will marry you.

Cath. Whether I will or not! — Oh, Fortune's Spite!

Pet. Nay, *Kate*, I am a Husband for your Turn;
For by this Light, whereby I see thy Beauty,
(Thy Beauty that doth make me like thee well)
Thou must be marry'd to no Man but me;
For I am he am born to tame you, *Kate*.

Cath. That will admit Dispute, my saucy Groom.

Pet. Here comes your Father; never make Denial;
I must and will have *Cath'rine* to my Wife.

Enter Baptista.

Bap. Now, Signior, now, how speed you with my
Daughter?

Pet. How shou'd I speed but well, Sir? How but
well?

It were impossible I should speed amiss.

Bap. Why, how now, Daughter *Cath'rine*, in your
Dumps?

Cath. Call you me Daughter? Now I promise you,
You've shew'd a tender, fatherly Regard,
To wish me wed to one half lunatic;

A madcap Ruffian, and a swearing Jack,
That thinks with Oaths to face the Matter out.

Bap. Better this Jack than starve, and that's your Portion——

Pet. Father, 'tis thus ; yourself and all the World
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her ;
If she be curst, it is for Policy ;
For she's not froward, but modest as the Dove :
She is not hot, but temp'rate as the Morn ;
For Patience, she will prove a second *Grissel*,
And *Roman Lucrece* for her Chastity ;
And, to conclude, we've 'greed so well together,
We have fix'd To-morrow for the Wedding-day.

Cath. I'll see thee hang'd To-morrow, first — To-morrow !

Bap. Petruchio, hark ; she says she'll see thee hang'd first :

Is this your Speeding ?

Pet. Oh ! be patient, Sir,
If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you ?
'Tis bargain'd twixt us twain, being alone,
That she shall still be curs'd in Company.

Cath. A Plague upon his Impudence ! I'm vex'd—
I'll marry my Revenge, but I will tame him. [*Aside.*

Pet. I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe
How much she loves me ; Oh, the kindest *Kate* !
She hung about my Neck, and Kiss on Kiss,
She vy'd so fast, protesting Oath on Oath,
That in a Twink she won me to her Love.
Oh ! you are Novices ; 'tis a World to see
How tame, when Men and Women are alone —
Give me thy Hand, *Kate*, I will now away
To buy Apparel for my gentle Bride :
Father, provide the Feast, and bid the Guests.

Bap. What dost thou say, my *Cath'rine* ? Give thy Hand.

Cath. Never to Man shall *Cath'rine* give her Hand :
Here 'tis, and let him take it, an' he dare,

Pet. Were it the Fore-foot of an angry Bear
I'd shake it off ; but as it is *Kate's*, I kiss it.

Cath. You'll kiss it closer, e'er our Moon be wain'd.

Bap.

Bap. Heav'n send you Joy, *Petruchio*—'tis a Match.

Pet. Father, and Wife, adieu. I must away
Unto my Country-house, and stir my Grooms,
Scower their Country-rust, and make 'em fine,
For the Reception of my *Catharine*.

We will have Rings, and Things, and fine Array,
To-morrow, *Kate*, shall be our Wedding-day.

[*Exit Petruchio.*]

Bap. Well, Daughter, tho' the Man be somewhat
wild,

And thereto frantic, yet his Means are great ;
Thou hast done well to seize the first kind Offer,
For by thy Mother's Soul 'twill be the last.

Cath. My Duty, Sir, hath followed your Command.

Bap. Art thou in Earnest ? Hast no Trick behind ?
I'll take thee at thy Word, and send t'invite
My Son-in-law, *Hortensio*, and thy Sister,
And all our Friends to grace thy Nuptials, *Kate*.

[*Exit Baptista.*]

Cath. Why, yes ; Sister *Bianca* now shall see
The poor, abandon'd *Cath'rine*, as she calls me,
Can hold her Head as high, and be as proud,
And make her Husband sloop into her Lure,
As she, or e'er a Wife in *Padua*.

As double as my Portion be my Scorn ;
Look to your Seat, *Petruchio*, or I throw you.

Cath'rine shall tame this Haggard ; — or if she fails,
Shall tie her Tongue up, and pare down her Nails.

[*Exit Catharine.*]

End of the First Act.



A C T II.

*Enter Baptista, Hortensio, Catharine, Bianca,
and Attendants.*

Bap. **S**IGNIOR *Hortensio*, this is the 'pointed Day,
That *Cath'rine* and *Petruchio* should be marry'd;
And yet we hear not of our Son-in law.

What will be said? What Mockery will it be
To want the Bridegroom when the Priest attends
To speak the ceremonial Rites of Marriage?
What says *Hortensio* to this Shame of ours?

Cath. No Shame but mine; I must, forsooth, be
forc'd

To give my Hand, oppos'd against my Heart,
Unto a mad-brain Rudesby, full of Spleen,
Who woo'd in Haste, and means to wed at Leisure.
I told you, I, he was a frantic Fool,
Hiding his bitter Jest in blunt Behaviour;
And to be noted for a merry Man,
He'll wooe a Thousand, 'point the Day of Marriage,
Make Friends, invite; yea, and proclaim the Bands,
Yet never mean to wed where he hath woo'd.
Now must the World point at poor *Catharine*,
And say, lo! there is mad *Petruchio*'s Wife,
If it would please him come and marry her.

Bia. Such hasty Matches seldom end in Good.

Hor. Patience, good *Cath'rine*, and *Bianca* too;
Upon my Life, *Petruchio* means but well,
Whatever Fortune stays him from his Word;
Tho' he be blunt, I know him passing wise;
Tho' he be merry, yet withal he's honest.

Cath. Wou'd I had never seen his Honesty.—
Oh! I could tear my Flesh for very Madness.

[*Exit Catharine.*

Bap. Follow your Sister, Girl, and comfort her.

[*Exit Bianca.*

I cannot

I cannot blame thee now to weep and rage,
For such an Injury would vex a Saint,
Much more a Shrew of thy impatient Humour.

Hor. Was ever Match clapt up so suddenly!

Bap. Hortensio; Faith I play a Merchant's Part,
And venture madly on a desp'rate Mart.

Hor. 'Twas a Commodity lay fretting by you;
'Twill bring you Gain, or perish on the Seas.

Bap. The Gain I seek is Quiet in the Match.

Hor. No doubt *Petruchio's* got a quiet Catch.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. Master, Master, News; and such News as you
never heard of.

Bap. Is *Petruchio* come?

Bion. Why, no, Sir.

Bap. What then?

Bion. He is coming — but how? Why in a new
Hat and an old Jerkin; a Pair of old Breeches, thrice
turned; a Pair of Boots that have been Candle-cases,
one buckled, another lac'd; an old rusty Sword, ta'en
out of the Town-armory, with a broken Hilt, and
chapeless, with two broken Points; his Horse hip'd
with an old mothy Saddle, the Stirrups of no Kindred;
besides possess'd with the Glanders, and like to mose in
the Chine, troubled with the Lampasse, infected with
the Farcy, full of Windgalls, sped with Spavins, rai'd
with the Yellows, past Cure of the Fives, stark spoiled
with the Staggers, be-gnawn with the Bots, waid in
the Back, and Shoulder-shotten; near-legg'd before,
and with a half-check'd Bit; and a Head-stall of
Sheep-leather, which being restrained, to keep him
from stumbling, hath been often burst, and now re-
paired with Knots; one Girt six Times piec'd, and a
Woman's Crupper of Velure, which hath two Letters
for her Name, fairly set down in Studs, and here and
there piec'd with Packthread.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. O, Sir, his Lacquey, for all the World capa-
rison'd like the Horse, with a linen Stock on one Leg,
and a *Kersey*-boot Hose on the other, gartered with a

red and blue Lilt, an old Hat, and the Humour of forty Fancies prick'd upon it for a Feather; a Monster! a very Monster in Apparel, and not like a Christian Footboy, or a Gentleman's Lacquey.

Bap. I am glad he's come, howsoever he comes.

Enter Petruchio and Grumio, fantastically habited.

Pet. Come, where be these Gallants? Who is at home?

Bap. You're welcome, Sir.

Pet. Well am I come then, Sir.

Bap. Not so well 'parell'd as I wish you were.

Pet. Why were it better I should rush in thus:
But where is *Kate*? Where is my lovely Bride?
How does my Father? Gentles, methinks you frown
And wherefore gaze this goodly Company?
As if they saw some wond'rous Monument,
Some Comet, or unusual Prodigy?

Bap. Why, Sir, you know this is your Wedding-day,
First, we were sad, fearing you would not come,
Now sadder, that you come so unprovided:
Fie! doff this Habit, shame to your Estate;
An Eye-sore to our solemn Festival.

Hor. And tell us what Occasion of Import
Hath all so long detain'd you from your Wife,
And sent you hither so unlike yourself?

Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear:
Let it suffice, I'm come to keep my Word;
But where is *Kate*? I stay too long from her;
'The Morning wears, 'tis Time we were at Church.

Hor. See not your Bride in these unreverent Robes;
Go to my Chamber, put on Clothes of mine.

Pet. Not I, believe me; thus I'll visit her.

Bap. But thus I trust you will not marry her.

Pet. Goodfooth, ev'n thus; therefore ha' done with Words;

To me she's marry'd, not unto my Clothes:
Could I repair what she will wear in me,
As I could change these poor Accoutrements,

'Twere

'Twere were well for *Kate*, and better for myself.
But what a Fool am I to chat with you,
When I should bid Good-morrow to my Bride,
And seal the Title with a lovely Kiss?

What, ho! my *Kate*! my *Kate*!

[*Exit Petruchio.*]

Hor. He hath some Meaning in this mad Attire :
We will persuade him, be it possible,
To put on better ere he go to Church.

Bap. I'll after him, and see th' Event of this.

[*Exeunt all but Grumio.*]

Gru. He's gone swearing to Church with her. I
wou'd sooner have led her to the Gallows. If he can
but hold it, 'tis well. — And if I know any-thing of
myself and Master, no two Men were ever born with
such Qualities to tame Women.—When Madam goes
home, we must look for another-guise Master than we
have had. We shall see old Coil between 'em.—If I
can spy into Futurity a little, there will be much Clat-
ter among the Moveables, and some Practice for the
Surgeons. By this the Parson has given 'em his Licence
to fall together by the Ears.

Enter Pedro.

Ped. *Grumio*, your Master bid me find you out, and
speed you to his Country house, to prepare for his Re-
ception, and if he finds not Things as he expects 'em,
according to the Directions that he gave you, you
know, he says, what follows : This Message he deli-
vered before his Bride, ev'n in his Way to Church,
and shook his whip in Token of his Love.

Gru. I understand it, Sir, and will convey the same
Token to my Horse immediately, that he may take to
his Heels, in order to save my Bones and his own Ribs.

[*Exit Grumio.*]

Ped. So odd a Master, and so fit a Man,
Were never seen in *Padua* before.

Enter Biondello.

Now, *Biondello*, came you from the Church?

Bio.

Bio. As willingly as e'er I came from School.

Ped. And are the Bride and Bridegroom coming home?

Bio. A Bridegroom, say you? 'Tis a Groom, indeed! a grumbling Groom, and that the Girl shall find.

Ped. Curstier than she? Why, 'tis impossible.

Bio. Why, he's a Devil, a Devil, a very Fiend!

Ped. Why, she's a Devil, a Devil, the Devil's Dam!

Bio. Tut! she's a Lamb, a Dove, a Fool to him:

I'll tell you, Brother *Pedro*, when the Priest Should ask if *Catharine* should be his Wife?

Aye, by Gogs-wounds, quoth he, and swore so loud That all amaz'd the Priest let fall his Book;

And as he stooped again to take it up, This madbrain'd Bridegroom took him such a Cuff That down fell Priest and Book and Book and Priest. Now take them up, quoth he, if any list.

Ped. What said the Wench, when he rose up again?

Bio. Trembled and shook; for why, he stamp'd and swore

As if the Vicar went to cozen him.

But after many Ceremonies done,

He calls for Wine; a Health, quoth he, as if

Had been aboard carousing to his Mates

After a Storm; quafft off the Muscadel,

And threw the Sops all in the Sexton's Face;

Having no other Cause but that his Beard

Grew thin and hungerly, and seem'd to ask

His Sops, as he was drinking. This done, he took

The Bride about the Neck, and kiss'd her Lips

With such a clamorous Smack, that at the parting

All the Church echo'd; and I seeing this,

Came thence for very Shame; and after me

I know the Rout is coming:

Such a mad Marriage never was before—

Hark, hark, I hear the Minstrels play.

[*Musfc.*

Enter

Enter Petruchio, singing. Catharine, Bianca, Hortensio and Baptista.

Pet. Gentlemen and Friends, I thank you for your Pains ;

I know you think to dine with me To day,
And have prepar'd great Store of Wedding-cheer ;
But so it is, my Haste doth call me hence ;
And therefore, here I mean to take my Leave.

Bap. Is't possible you will away To-night ?

Pet. I must away To day, before Night come.
Make it no Wonder, if you knew my Business
You would intreat me rather go than stay ;
And, honest Company, I thank you all,
That have beheld me give away myself
To this most patient, sweet and virtuous Wife :
Dine with my Father, drink a Health to me,
For I must hence, and farewell to you all.

Hor. Let me intreat you, stay till after Dinner.

Pet. It may not be.

Bion. Let me intreat you that my Sister stay ;
I come on Purpose to attend the Wedding,
And pass this Day in Mirth and Festival.

Pet. It cannot be.

Cath. Let me intreat you.

Pet. I am content——

Cath. Are you content to stay ?

Pet. I am content, you shall intreat my Stay,
But yet not stay, intreat me how you can.

Cath. Now if you love me, stay.

Pet. My Horses, there ; what ho, my Horses there.

Cath. Nay then,

Do what thou can'st, I will not go To day ;
No, nor To-morrow, nor till I please myself :
The Door is open, Sir, there lies your Way ;
You may be jogging, while your Boots are green.
For me, I'll not go, till I please myself ;
'Tis like you'll prove a jolly, surly Groom,
To take it on you at the first so roundly.

Bap.

Bap. O *Kate*, content thee ; pr'ythee be not angry.

Cath. I will be angry ; what hast thou to do ?

Father, be quiet ; he shall stay my Leisure.

Hor. Ay, marry, Sir, now it begins to work.

Cath. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal Dinner.

I see a Woman may be made a Fool,

If she had not a Spirit to resist.

Pet. They shall go forward, *Kate*, at thy Command.

Obeys the Bride, you that attend on her :

Go to the Feast, revel and domineer :

Carouse full Measures to her Maidenhead ;

Be mad and merry, or go hang yourselves ;

But for my bonny *Kate*, she must be with me.

Nay look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret,

I will be Master of what is mine own ;

She is my Goods, my Chattels ; she is my House,

My Household-stuff, my Field, my Barn,

My Horse, my Ox, my Ass, my Any-thing ;

And here she stands, touch her whoever dare :

I'll bring my Action on the proudest He

That stops my Way in *Padua* : *Petruchio*,

Draw forth thy Weapon, thou'rt beset with Thieves ;

Rescue thy Wife then, if thou be a Man ;

Fear not, sweet Wench, they shall not touch thee, *Kate* ;

I'll buckler thee against a Million, *Kate*.

[*Exeunt Pet. and Cath.*]

Bap. Nay, let them go, a Couple of quiet ones.

Hor. Of all mad Matches, never was the like.

What's your Opinion of your gentle Sister ?

Bion. That being mad herself, she's madly matched.

Bap. Neighbours and Friends, tho' Bride and Bridegroom want

For to supply the Places at the Table ;

You know there wants no Junkets at the Feast :

Hortensio, you, supply the Bridegroom's Place,

And let *Bianca* take her Sister's Room.

Bian. My Sister's Room ! Were I in her's, indeed,
This Swaggerer should repent his Insolence.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

Enter

Enter Grumio.

Gru. Fie, fie on all Jades, and all mad Masters, and all foul Ways! Was ever Man so beaten? Was ever Man so raide? Was ever Man so weary? I am sent before to make a Fire, and they are coming after to warm them: Now were I not a little Pot, and soon hot, my very Lips might freeze to my Teeth, my Tongue to the Roof of my Mouth, my Heart in my Belly, ere I should come by a Fire, to thaw me; but I with blowing the Fire shall warm myself, for considering the Weather, a taller Man than I will take Cold: Holla, holla, *Curtis*.

Enter Curtis.

Curt. Who is it that calls so coldly?

Gru. A Piece of Ice. If thou doubt it, thou may'st slide from my Shoulder to my Heel, with no greater a Run but my Head and my Neck. A Fire, good *Curtis*.

Curt. Are my Master and his Wife coming, *Grumio*?

Gru. Oh, ay, *Curtis*, ay; and therefore, Fire, Fire, cast on no Water.

Curt. Is she so hot a Shrew as she's reported?

Gru. She was, good *Curtis*, before the Frost; but thou know'st Winter tames Man, Woman and Beast; for it hath tam'd my old Master and my new Mistress, and myself, Fellow *Curtis*.

Curt. Away, you thick-pated Fool, I am no Beast.

Gru. Where's the Cook? Is Supper ready, the House trim'd, Rushes strew'd, Cobwebs swept, the Serving-men in their new Fustian, their white Stockings, and every Officer his Wedding-garments on? Be the *Jack's* fair within, the *Jill's* fair without, Carpets laid, and every Thing in Order?

Curt. All ready: And therefore I pray thee what News?

Gru. First know my Horse is tired, my Master and Mistress fall'n out.

Cur. How?

Gru.

Gru. Out of their Saddles into the Dirt ; and there by hangs a Tale.

Curt. Let's ha't, good *Gramio*.

Gru. Lend thine Ear.

Curt. Here.

Gru. There,

[*Strikes her.*

Curt. This is to feel a Tale, not to hear a Tale.

Gru. And therefore is call'd a sensible Tale ; And this Cuff was but to knock at your Ear, and beseech lift'ning. Now I begin : *Imprimis*, we came down a foul Hill, my Master riding behind my Mistress——

Curt. Both on one Horse ?

Gru. What's that to thee ? Tell thou the Tale.— But had'st thou not crost me, thou should'st have heard how her Horse fell, and she under her Horse ; thou should'st have heard in how miry a Place, how she was bemoil'd, how he left her with the Horse upon her ; how he beat me because her Horse stumbled ; how she waded through the Dirt to pluck him off me ; how he swore, how she pray'd, that never pray'd before ! How I cry'd, how the Horses ran away, how her Bridle was burst, how I lost my Crupper, how my Mistress lost her Slippers, tore and bemir'd her Garments, limp'd to the Farmhouse, put on *Rebecca's* old Shoes and Petticoat ; with many Things worthy of Memory, which now shall die in Oblivion, and thou return unexperienc'd to thy Grave.

Curt. By this Reckoning he is more Shrew than she.

Gru. Ay, for the Nonce — and that, thou and the proudest of you all shall find, when he comes home.— But what talk I of this ? Call forth *Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarfop*, and the rest : Let their Heads be sleek-comb'd, their blue Coats brush'd, and their Garters of an indifferent Knit ; let them curt'sy with their left Legs, and not presume to touch a Hair of my Master's Horse Tail, till they kiss their Hands.—Are they all ready ?

Curt. They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

Curt. Do you hear, ho ! *Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, &c.*—Where are you ?

Enter

Enter Nathaniel, Philip, &c.

Nath. Welcome home, *Grumio*.

Phil. How now, *Grumio*?

Pet. What, *Grumio*!

Nic. Fellow *Grumio*!

Nath. How now, old Lad?

Gru. Welcome you; how now, you; what you; fellow you; and thus much for Greeting. Now, my spruce Companions, are all ready, and all Things neat?

Nath. All Things are ready, how near is our Master?

Gru. E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not——Cock's Passion! Silence, I hear my Master.

Enter Petruchio and Catharine.

Pet. Where are these Knaves? What no Man at Door to hold my Stirrup, nor to take my Horse? — Where is *Nathaniel*, *Gregory*, *Philip*?

All Servants. Here, here, Sir; here, Sir.

Pet. Here, Sir, here, Sir, here, Sir!

You loggerheaded and unpolish'd Grooms:
What! no Attendance, no Regard, no Duty?
Where is the foolish Knave I sent before?

Gru. Here, Sir, as foolish as I was before.

Pet. You peasant Swain, you whoreson Malthorse-Drudge,

Did I not bid thee meet me in the Park,
And bring along these rascal Knaves with thee?

Gru. *Nathaniel's* Coat, Sir, was not fully made;
And *Gabriel's* Pumps were all unpink'd i' th' Heel:
There was no Link to colour *Peter's* Hat,
And *Walter's* Dagger was not come from sheathing:
There were none fine but *Adam*, *Ralph* and *Gregory*,
The rest were ragged, old and beggarly:
Yet as they are, here are they come to meet you.

C

Pet.

26 Catharine and Petruchio.

Pet. Go, Rascals, go, and fetch my Supper in.

[*Exeunt Servants.*]

Sings.

“ Where is the Life that late I led ?

“ Where are those”——Sit down, *Kate*,
And welcome. “ Soud, soud, soud, soud.”

Enter Servants, with Supper.

Why, when, I say ? Nay, good sweet *Kate*, be merry.
Off with my Boots, you Rogue : You Villains, when !

Sings.

“ It was a Friar of Orders grey
“ As he forth walked on his Way.”

Out, out, you Rogue ; you pluck my Foot awry.
Take that, and mind the plucking off the other.

[*Strikes him.*]

Be merry, *Kate* : Some Water here. What, ho !
Where's my Spaniel *Troilus* ? Sirrah, get you hence,
And bid my Cousin *Ferdinand* come hither :
One, *Kate*, that you must kiss and be acquainted with.
Where are my Slippers ? — Shall I have some Water ?

Enter Servant, with Water.

Come, *Kate*, and wash, and welcome heartily.

[*Servant lets fall the Water.*]

You whoreson Villain, will you let it fall ?

Cath. Patience, I pray you, 'twas a Fault unwilling.

Pet. A whoreson, beetle-headed, flap-ear'd Knave !
Come, *Kate*, sit down ; I know you have a Stomach.

Cath. Indeed I have :

And never was Repast so welcome to me.

Pet. Will you give Thanks, sweet *Kate*, or else
shall I ?

What's this, Mutton ?

Serv.

Serv. Yes.

Pet. Who brought it ?

Serv. I.

Pet. 'Tis burnt, and so is all the Meat——

What Dogs are these ! where is the rascal Cook ?
How durst you, Villain, bring it from the Dierler,
And seive it thus to me, that love it not ?
There, take it to you, Trenchers, Cups and all.

[Throws the Meat, &c. about.]

You heedless Jolt-heads and unmanner'd Slaves.

What, do you grumble ? I'll be with you straight.

[Exeunt all the Servants.]

Cath. I pray you, Husband, be not so disquiet,
The Meat was well, and well I could have eat,
If you were so disposed ; I'm sick with fasting.

Pet. I tell thee, *Kate*, 'twas burnt and dry'd away,
And I expressly am forbid to touch it :
For it engenders Choler, planteth Anger ;
And better it were that both of us did fast,
Since of ourselves, ourselves are cholerick,
Than feed it with such over-roasted Flesh——
Be patient ; To-morrow it shall be mended,
And for this Night, we'll fast for Company.
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal Chamber.

[Exeunt.]

Enter Nathaniel and Peter.

Nath. Peter, didst thou ever see the like ?

Pet. He kills her in her own Humour. I did not
think so good and kind a Master cou'd have put on so
resolute a Bearing.

Gru. Where is he ?

Enter Curtis.

Curt. In her Chamber, making a Sermon of Conti-
nency to her, and rails, and swears and rates ; and she,
poor Soul, knows not which Way to stand, to look, to
speak ; and sits as one new-risen from a Dream. Away,
away, for he is coming hither.

[Exeunt.]

C 2

Enter

Enter Petruchio.

Pet. Thus have I, politicly, begun my Reign,
 And 'tis my Hope to end successfully :
 My Falcon now is sharp, and passing empty,
 And till she stoop, she must not be full gorg'd,
 For then she never looks upon her Lure.
 Another Way I have to man my Haggard,
 To make her come, and know her Keeper's Call :
 That is, to watch her, as we watch these Kites,
 That bit and beat, and will not be obedient.
 She eat no Meat To day, nor none shall eat :
 Last Night she slept not, nor To-night shall not ;
 As with the Meat, some undeserved Fault
 I'll find about the making of the Bed ;
 And here I'll fling the Pillow, there the Bolster ;
 This Way the Coverlet, that Way the Sheets ;
 Aye, and amidst this Hurly I'll pretend
 That all is done in reverent Care of her ;
 And in Conclusion she shall watch all Night ;
 And if she chance to nod, I'll rail and brawl,
 And with the Clamour keep her still awake.
 This is a Way to kill a Wife with Kindness,
 And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong Humour —
 He that knows better how to tame a Shrew,
 Now let him speak, 'tis Charity to shew. [Exit.

A C T



A C T III.

Enter Catharine and Grumio.

Gru. **N**O, no, forsooth, I dare not for my Life.
Cath. The more my Wrong, the more his

Spite appears :

What, did he marry me to famish me ?

Beggars that come unto my Father's Door,

Upon Intreaty have a present Alms ;

If not, elsewhere they meet with Charity :

But I, who never knew how to intreat,

Nor ever needed that I should intreat,

Am starv'd for Meat, giddy for Lack of Sleep ;

With Oaths kept waking, and with Brawling sed ;

And that which spites me more than all these Wants,

He does it under Name of perfect Love :

As who would say, if I should sleep or eat,

'Twere deadly Sicknefs, or else present Death !

I pr'ythee go and get me some Repast ;

I care not what, so it be wholesome Food.

Gru. What say you to a Neat's Foot ?

Cath. 'Tis passing good ; I pr'ythee let me have it.

Gru. I fear it is too flegmatic a Meat :

How say you to a fat Tripe, finely boil'd ?

Cath. I like it well ; good *Grumio* fetch it me.

Gru. I cannot tell—I fear it's cholerick :

What say you to a Piece of Beef and Mustard ?

Cath. A Dish that I do love to feed upon.

Gru. Aye, but the Mustard is too hot a little.

Cath. Why then the Beef, and let the Mustard rest.

Gru. Nay, that I will not, you shall have the Mustard
 Or else you get no Beef of *Grumio*.

Cath. Then both, or one, or any Thing thou wilt.

Gru. Why then, the Mustard, Dame, without the Beef.

Cath. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding Slave,

[*Beats him.*]

That feed'st me only with the Name of Meat :

Sorrow on thee, and all the Pack of you,

That triumph thus upon my Misery.
Go, get thee gone, I say.

Enter Petruchio.

Pet. How fares my *Kate*?

Whot, Sweeting, all amot? Mistress, what Cheer?

Cath. 'Faith as cold as can be.

Pet. Pluck up thy Spirits, look cheerfully upon me.
For now, my Honey-love, we are refresh'd—

Cath. Refresh'd! with what?

Pet. We will return unto thy Father's House,
And revel it as bravely as the best,
With filken Coats, and Caps, and golden Rings,
With Ruffs and Cuffs, and Fardingals and Things:
With Scarffs and Fans, and double Change of Brav'ry,
Now thou hast eat, the Taylor stays thy Leisure,
To deck thy Body with his rustling Treasure.

Enter Taylor.

Come, Taylor, let us see these Ornaments.

Enter Haberdasher.

Lay forth the Gown—What News with you, Sir?

Hab. Here is the Cap your Worship did bespeak.

Pet. Why this was moulded on a Porringer;

A velvet Dish: Fie, fie, 'tis lewd and filthy:

Why 'tis a Cockle or a Walnut-shell,

A Knack, a Toy, a Trick, a Baby's Cap.

Away with it, come, let me have a bigger.

Cath. I'll have no bigger, this doth fit the Time,
And Gentlewomen wear such Caps as these.

Pet. When you are gentle you shall have one too,
And not till then.

Cath. Why, Sir, I trust I may have Leave to speak?
And speak I will! I am no Child, no Babe;
Your Betters have endur'd me say my Mind;
And if you cannot, best you stop your Ears;
My Tongue will tell the Anger of my Heart,
Or else my Heart concealing it, will break:
And rather than it shall, I will be free,
Ev'n to the utmost as I please in Words.

Pet. Thou say'st true, *Kate*, it is a poultry Cap.
A Custard-coffin, Bauble, filken Pie,
I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not.

Cath.

Cath. Love me, or love me not, I like the Cap,
And I will have it, or I will have none.

Pet. Thy Gown; why aye; come, Taylor, let me
see't.

O Mercy, Heav'n! what masking Stuff is here!

What's this, a Sleeve? 'Tis like a Demi-canon;

What up and down, carv'd like an Apple-tart!

Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and slish, and slash,

Like to a Censer in a Barber's Shop.

Why, what i' th' Devil's Name, Taylor, call'st thou
this?

Gru. I see she's like to've neither Cap nor Gown.

Tay. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the Fashion of the Time.

Pet. Marry I did: But if you remember'd,
I did not bid you marr it to the Time.

Go, hop me over ev'ry Kennel home,

For you shall hop without my Custom, Sir:

I'll none of it; hence, make your best of it.

Cath. I never saw a better-fashion'd Gown,
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable:
Belike you mean to make a Puppet of me.

Pet. Why, true; he means to make a Puppet of
thee.

Tay. She says, your Worship means to make a Puppet
of her.

Pet. O! most monstrous Arrogance!

Thou lye'st, thou Thread, thou Thimble,

Thou Yard, Three-quarters, Half-yard, Quarter,
Nail:

Thou Flea, thou Nit, thou Winter-cricket: Thou!—

Brav'd in mine own House, with a Skein of Thread!

Away! thou Rag, thou Quantity, thou Remnant,

Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy Yard

As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liv'st:

I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd the Gown.

Tay. Your Worship is deceiv'd; the Gown is made
just as my Master had Direction: *Grumio* gave Order
how it should be done.

Gru. I gave him no Order, I gave him the Stuff.

Tay.

Tay. But how did you desire it should be made ?

Gru. Marry, Sir, with a Needle and Thread,

Tay. But did you not request to have it cut ?

Gru. Tho' thou hast fac'd many Things, face not me.
I say unto thee, I bid thy Master cut the Gown, but I
did not bid him cut it to Pieces. *Ergo*, thou lyest.

Tay. Why, here is the Note of the Fashion to testify.

Pet. Read it.

Tay. *Imprimis*, a loose-bodied Gown.

Gru. Master, if ever I said a loose-bodied Gown,
sew me up in the Skirts of it, and beat me to Death
with a Bottom of brown Thread : I said a Gown.

Pet. Proceed.

Tay. With a small compass Cape.

Gru. I confess the Cape.

Tay. With a Trunk-sleeve.

Gru. I confess two Sleeves.

Tay. The Sleeves curiously cut.

Pet. Ay, there's the Villany.

Gru. Error i' th' Bill, Sir ; Error i' th' Bill : I com-
manded the Sleeves should be cut out and sew'd up
again, and that I'll prove upon thee, tho' thy little
Finger be arm'd in a Thimble.

Tay. This is true that I say ; an' I had thee in a
Place thou should'st know it.

Gru. I am for thee, straight : Come on, you Parch-
ment-shed ! [*They fight.*]

Pet. What, Chickens spar in Presence of the Kite !
I'll swoop upon you both : Out, out, ye Vermin—

[*Beats 'em off.*]

Cath. For Heav'n's Sake, Sir, have Patience ! How
you fright me ! [*Crying.*]

Pet. Well, come, my *Kate*, we will unto your Fa-
ther's,

Ev'n in these honest, mean Habiliments :
Our Purfes shall be proud, our Garments poor ;
For 'tis the Mind that makes the Body rich ;
And as the Sun breaks thro' the darkest Cloud,
So Honour peereth in the meanest Habit.
What, is the Jay more precious than the Lark
Because his Feathers are more beautiful ?

Or is the Adder better than the Eel
Because his painted Skin contents the Eye ?
Oh, no, good *Kate* ; neither art thou the worse
For this poor Furniture and mean Array.
If thou account'st it Shame, lay it on me ;
And therefore frolic ; we will hence, forthwith,
To feast and sport us at thy Father's House :
Go call my Men, and bring our Horses out.

Cath. O happy Hearing ! Let us straight begone ;
I cannot tarry here another Day.

Pet. Cannot, my *Kate* ! O fie, indeed you can—
Besides, on second Thoughts, 'tis now too late,
For, look, how bright and goodly shines the Moon.

Cath. The Moon ! the Sun : It is not Moonlight
now.

Pet. I say it is the Moon that shines so bright.

Cath. I say it is the Sun that shines so bright.

Pet. Now, by my Mother's Son, and that's myself,
It shall be Moon or Star, or what I list,
Or ere I journey to your Father's House :
Go on, and fetch our Horses back again :
Evermore crost and crost ; nothing but crost !

Gru. Say as he says, or we shall never go.

Cath. I see 'tis vain to struggle with my Bonds ;
So be it Moon or Sun, or what you please :
And if you please to call it a Rush-candle,
Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.

Pet. I say it is the Moon.

Cath. I know it is the Moon.

Pet. Nay, then you lye ; it is the blessed Sun.

Cath. Just as you please, it is the blessed Sun ;
But Sun it is not, when you say it is not ;
And the Moon changes, even as your Mind ;
What you will have it nam'd, even that it is,
And so it shall be for your *Catharine*.

Pet. Well, forward, forward, thus the Bowl shall
run,
And not unluckily, against the Biais :
But soft, some Company is coming here,
And stops our Journey.

Enter

Enter Baptista, Hortensio and Bianca.
 Good-morrow, gentle Mistress, where away?
 Tell me, sweet *Kate*, and tell me truly too,
 Hast thou beheld a fresher Gentlewoman?
 Such War of White and Red within her Cheeks!
 What Stars do spangle Heav'n with such Beauty,
 As those two Eyes become that heav'nly Face!
 Fair, lovely Maid, once more good Day to thee:
 Sweet *Kate*, embrace her for her Beauty's Sake.

Bap. What's all this?

Cath. Young budding Virgin, fair, and fresh, and
 sweet,
 Whither away, or where is thy Abode?
 Happy the Parents of so fair a Child;
 Happy the Man whom favourable Stars
 Allot thee for his lovely Bedfellow.

Bian. What Mummery is this?

Pet. Why, how now, *Kate*, I hope thou art not
 mad!

This is *Baptista*, our old reverent Father,
 And not a Maiden, as thou say'st he is.

Cath. Pardon, my dear Father, my mistaken Eyes,
 That have been so bedazzled with the Sun,
 That ev'ry Thing I look on seemeth green;
 Now I perceive thou art my reverent Father:
 Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking. [*Kneels.*]

Bap. Rise, rise, my Child; what strange Vagary's
 this?

I came to see thee with my Son and Daughter.
 How lik'st thou Wedlock? Art not alter'd, *Kate*?

Cath. Indeed I am. I am transform'd to Stone.

Pet. Chang'd for the better much; art not my *Kate*?

Cath. So good a Master cannot chuse but mend me.

Hor. Here is a Wonder, if you talk of Wonders.

Bap. And so it is: I wonder what it bodes?

Pet. Marry, Peace it bodes, and Love, and quiet
 Life,

And awful Rule and right Supremacy;
 And to be short, what not that's sweet and happy.

Bian. Was ever Woman's Spirit broke so soon!
 What is the Matter, *Kate*? Hold up thy Head,

Nor

Nor lose our Sex's best Prerogative,
To wish and have our Will.

Pet. Peace, Brawler, Peace.

Or I will give the meek *Hortensio*,
Your Husband, there, my taming Recipe.

Bian. Lord, let me never have a Cause to fight
Till I be brought to such a silly Pass.

Grumio to Baptista.

Did I not promise you, Sir, my Master's Discipline
wou'd work Miracles?

Bap. I scarce believe my Eyes and Ears.

Bian. His Eyes and Ears had felt these Fingers ere
he shou'd have moap'd me so.

Cath. Alas! my Sister——

Pet. Catharine, I charge thee tell this headstrong
Woman

What Duty 'tis she owes her Lord and Husband.

Bian. Come, come, you're mocking, we'll have no
telling.

Pet. Come, on, I say.

Bian. She shall not.

Hor. Let us hear for both our Sakes, good Wife.

Pet. Catharine, begin.

Cath. Fie, fie, unknot that threat'ning, unkind Brow,
And dart not scornful Glances from those Eyes,
To wound thy Lord, thy King, thy Governor,
It blots thy Beauty, as Frosts bite the Meads,
Confounds thy Fame, as Whirlwinds shake fair Buds,
And in no Sense is meet or amiable.

Pet. Why, well said *Kate*.

Cath. A Woman mov'd is like a Fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of Beauty;
And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip or touch a Drop of it.

Bian. Sister, be quiet——

Pet. Nay, learn you that Lesson——On, on, I say.

Cath. Thy Husband is thy Lord, thy Life, thy
Keeper,

Thy Head, thy Sovereign; one that cares for thee,
And for thy Maintenance: Commits his Body
To painful Labour, both by Sea and Land,

To

To watch the Night in Storms, the Day in Cold,
While thou ly'st warm at home, secure and safe;
And craves no other Tribute at thy Hands
But Love, fair Looks, and true Obedience——
Too little Payment for so great a Debt.

Bap. Now fair befall thee, Son *Petruchio*:
The Battle's won, and thou can'st keep the Field.

Pet. Oh! fear me not.——

Bap. Then, now my gentle *Cath'rine*,
Go home with me along, and I will add
Another Dow'ry to another Daughter,
For thou art chang'd as thou hadst never been.

Pet. My Fortune is sufficient. Here's my Wealth:
Kiss me, my *Kate*; and since thou art become
So prudent, kind, and dutiful a Wife,
Petruchio here shall doff the lordly Husband—
An honest Mask which I throw off with Pleasure.
Far hence all Rudeness, Wilfulness and Noise,
And be our future Lives one gentle Stream
Of mutual Love, Compliance and Regard.

Cath. Nay, I'm all unworthy of thy Love,
And look with Blushes on my former Self.

Pet. Good *Kate*, no more —— this is beyond my
Hopes——

[*Goes forward, with Catharine in his Hand.*]

Such Duty as the Subject owes the Prince,
Ev'n such a Woman oweth to her Husband:
And when she's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
And not obedient to his honest Will,
What is she but a foul, contending Rebel,
And graceless Traitor to her loving Lord?
How shameful 'tis when Women are so simple
To offer War where they should kneel for Peace;
Or seek for Rule, Supremacy and Sway,
Where bound to love, to honour and obey.

F I N I S.



